

THE NORTH WALK MYSTERY

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

AUTHOR OF
"FROM CLUE TO CLIMAX."
"THE LAND OF THE CHANGING SUN."
"ALMOST PERSUADED."
"A MUTE CONFESSOR."
ETC ETC ETC
COPYRIGHT 1897 BY WILL N. HARBEN.

"He hinted to me only half an hour ago that it might be well for me to go to you," answered Miss Hastings, "but I told him it was my desire to remain with his sister, at least till some one could take my place as her companion."

"I shall write your father at once," said Mr. Hastings. "If he should come over, I presume—"

"I should not leave here now if all the relatives I have on earth should implore me on their bended knees," was Miss Hastings' ultimatum, and, white and red by turns from suppressed anger, Mr. Hastings left the house and stepped into a cab at the door.

Miss Hastings sank into a chair, overcome with weakness from her encounter with her uncle and the excitement of the past 16 hours. She wondered what was to become of her. Of one thing she was sure, and that was that she would stand by Ralph Benton. Poor fellow! By this time he must know what the papers were saying. As if he had not had enough to bear without that! Thinking of Ralph reminded her that Alice might need company, so



"Who is your physician?" she rose to go to her. The door of Miss Benton's room was not entirely closed, and as Miss Hastings drew near she recognized Ralph's voice. He was speaking excitedly.

"I am a little taken up," he was saying. "Hendricks and his gang may search till doomsday and never know the truth. I have fixed that. Montcastle will help."

Miss Hastings paused. The carpet had muffled her footsteps. They did not know she was near.

"I never had such an awful feeling in my life," said Miss Benton. "Oh, I can't stand it any longer! It will kill me!"

"Bosh! Look at me. The papers are even going over my record and hinting that I did it, and yet I defy!"

"Hush! Somebody will hear you," cautioned Alice, and the door was suddenly closed. Miss Hastings retreated, white and quivering, to the library and sat down again. She covered her face with her hands and tried to reflect. No; she would never entertain that thought. Ralph Benton was her ideal, her conception of all that was manly and noble in man. It might seem to others that he was guilty, but she would never believe it. And yet how strangely he had acted when he came down from his room just before the body had been found! And then the words which she had just overheard—what could he have meant?

Miss Hastings happened to glance into a large pier glass which reflected part of the hall in the direction of Alice Benton's room and saw Ralph approaching. It was the first time she had caught his face in repose since the murder, and the sight of it shocked her inexpressibly. He was white and haggard, and his eyes were beginning to be bloodshot.

He came into the library, started slightly on seeing her and then advanced, with a smile.

"I am so sorry for you, dear Julia," he said tenderly. "It is not often that

"Do you know what the papers are hinting at, Julia—I mean about me?" he asked without looking at her.

"My uncle was here just now and told me," answered the girl.

"I am glad you are aware of that anyway," Ralph said. "I could not consent to allow you to remain unless you knew it."

"Nothing on earth could make me think you were guilty of such a crime," said Miss Hastings, "and I intend to stand by you."

He sat down by her and took her hand in his.

"I saw your uncle drive up, and I knew what he came for," said he, "and if you had deserted me I should have given up. I could stand a good deal, but to lose you now, in addition to all the rest, would be more than I could bear. Really, I am in earnest."

Miss Hastings covered her face with her hands and heaved a deep sigh. She was thinking of the words she had overheard just a moment before. She wanted to ask him if he were not keeping back something from her, but such a question would imply a lack of faith in him, and she remained silent. Steps were heard in the hall. Some men carrying large bouquets and wreaths of flowers were reflected in the pier glass as they passed to the drawing room to lay them on the coffin. Ralph followed her glance to the mirror.

"Poor old man!" he said. "I have not yet realized that he is really dead. Sister acts as if she did not either. We shall miss the dear old governor in spite of all the rows."

The power of articulation seemed to have left Miss Hastings. She tried to speak. She attributed the failure to her mental condition.

"Poor Aunt Martha!" sighed Ralph, releasing her hand. "It will kill her, I'm afraid. If you only knew her, you'd understand. She is peculiar, but she has been a mother to sister and me and has already suffered too much."

"Does she know?" asked Miss Hastings, finding her voice at last. "Has she heard?"

"Not yet," replied Ralph. "I telegraphed Dr. Gibson at the sanitarium to keep the papers from her. I hope he will be cautious. It is on her account that we are so particular, but"—he reflected a moment—"I forgot you don't understand. Some day I shall tell you the whole gloomy story. We—we have our skeletons, you see."

"All families have them," observed the girl wonderingly.

"Ours is one, however, that can be done away with by a plentiful use of common sense, and sister and I are doing all we can in that direction. It has been uphill work, and now it will be harder than ever."

CHAPTER XI.

That afternoon at 4 o'clock Dr. Lampkin called at the hotel designated by Hendricks and was informed by the clerk that the detective was in his room and had left orders for him to come up at once.

The room was at the head of the first flight of stairs. Lampkin rapped.

"Come in!" The doctor started, for the words seemed to come from the crack beneath the door. Lampkin turned the knob and pushed. The door opened about six inches, struck something and stopped. It was the head of the detective, for when Lampkin had looked through the narrow opening he found Hendricks on his hands and knees on the floor.

"What are you studying that lappel so attentively for?" asked the doctor.

Hendricks turned the lappel back and exposed the underside.

"See that pin?" he asked.

"Yes, I suppose you will take it as a proof of stigmatics?"

"Nothing of the kind," broke in the detective. He rose, opened the back part of his watch case and exposed a tiny shred of white paper. "I found that under the pin just now."

"Well?" said Lampkin.

"It was there," replied Hendricks.

"There was a reason for its being there, but I can't make it out yet. It is one of the half dozen inexplicable things connected with the case. When we know who shot the owner of this suit of clothes, we'll know what this bit of paper means."

Lampkin sat down at a table. "Has anything turned up since I saw you?"

Hendricks closed his watch with a snap and sank on the bed.

"You know I was hungry when you left me," he began. "Well, I went to the kitchen. The cook, a colored man, rather talkative by nature, offered to give me a bite in the dining room, but I preferred the kitchen. It is the sink of household gossip. I got him started by giving him a plated ring with a red glass setting. I now know the house from a to zizzard. Old man Benton was dead against the house party. He hated Montcastle for some reason or other and had had a scrap with Ralph nearly every night for the last month. Jason confirms Jarnagin's story about the quarrel between Mr. Benton and Allen and says Allen is a snake in the grass and that he would not forgive an injury; that it would rankle, you know, and then rise and burst, so to speak."

"But you haven't a particle of evidence against Allen," said Lampkin.

"The fact that he has quarreled with Mr. Benton, when the old man was in the habit of quarreling with all around him, would not count for much."

"You are right," agreed the detective, frowning, "but something in the air seems to promise to give me a clew before long. The whole case and all the people in it are buzzing round me at a terrific rate, like a swarm of bees. Do you know how we used to make a swarm of bees settle, doctor? We raised a frightful racket. If these folks don't look out, I'll do that."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll make an arrest, right or wrong. Somebody in the lay out is keeping back something, and I want to know what it is. My progress is blocked. There is nothing like the pressure of handcuffs on the wrists to cure lockjaw. But I shall give them a little more time. Jason tells me that Mr. Farnhall, Benton's lawyer, is greatly disturbed about some important papers which are missing from the old man's desk. I am going to try to help him find them."

CHAPTER XII.

A week passed. Dr. Lampkin had not seen Hendricks since the day following the discovery of the crime. Lampkin, however, had watched the papers and knew that nothing of vital interest concerning the mystery had been made public. He believed that his friend was still groping in the dark, else he would have come to him to let off some of his enthusiasm. Hendricks always came just before a climax or when one was about to be reached.

Dr. Lampkin was a very busy man on the days of the week that it was possible for patients to consult him. He had never allowed his profession to encroach upon his freedom, and so a sign on his door read as follows: "Dr. Lampkin may be consulted Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 2 p. m."

His fame for curing nervous and imaginary ailments, drunkenness and the morphia habit through hypnotic suggestion had spread all over America, and he was often so busy that he had to have three or four assistants. Today his anteroom was full of people waiting their turns, and Lampkin was admitting them, examining, treating and dismissing them as rapidly as possible.

They sat in a row, those nearest the office door coming first. Once or twice in looking into the waiting room to announce that it was another's turn the

doctor noticed an old gray-headed man among the others. He sat holding a folded paper in his trembling hand and took pains to allow those who had come later than himself to go in before him.

"Afraid of me," thought the doctor, with a smile. "He looks superstitious."

It was near closing time, so Lampkin ordered the office boy to shut the outer door and to admit no one else. The old man was the last patient, and the fact that he was left alone in the waiting room seemed to frighten him more than ever. When the office boy closed and locked the door, he sprang up, took hold of the knob and pulled at it excitedly.

"The doctor will see you in a minute," said an assistant, who had taken his hat to go out. "Sit down and wait for him."

"I believe I'll come back tomorrow," stammered the old man. "I can wait. I'm in no hurry."

"Wait a moment," urged the assistant. "You look nervous. Dr. Lampkin will not hurt you. He does not even give medicine. You have nothing to be afraid of."

doctor noticed an old gray-headed man among the others. He sat holding a folded paper in his trembling hand and took pains to allow those who had come later than himself to go in before him.

"Afraid of me," thought the doctor, with a smile. "He looks superstitious."

It was near closing time, so Lampkin ordered the office boy to shut the outer door and to admit no one else. The old man was the last patient, and the fact that he was left alone in the waiting room seemed to frighten him more than ever. When the office boy closed and locked the door, he sprang up, took hold of the knob and pulled at it excitedly.

"The doctor will see you in a minute," said an assistant, who had taken his hat to go out. "Sit down and wait for him."

"I believe I'll come back tomorrow," stammered the old man. "I can wait. I'm in no hurry."

"Wait a moment," urged the assistant. "You look nervous. Dr. Lampkin will not hurt you. He does not even give medicine. You have nothing to be afraid of."

The old man seemed only partially reassured. He resumed his seat, his eyes bent alternately on the outer door and the one opening into the office. The assistant sat down to keep him company, holding his hat and gloves in his hands. He tried to draw the old man into conversation, but the effort was futile. When Dr. Lampkin opened the door and motioned for him to enter, he began to tremble violently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MICHIGAN MELANGE.

NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

Important Happenings in the State During the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph—Matter Selected for the Benefit of Our Own People.

Menominee, Mich., Nov. 29.—Leonard Lutomski, alias James Green, was arrested with a companion. They registered at the City hotel as J. Brooks and C. Dean. They are in jail. Lutomski is wanted at Kewaunee for jail breaking, having escaped while awaiting trial for burglary.

The two men were arrested by officers of that county after a long chase in a bum boat on Lake Michigan a year ago last summer, having in their possession a large quantity of stolen articles of a miscellaneous character.

Some of the goods were identified as having been stolen here. Lutomski is also wanted here on a charge of being one of two burglars who on the night of April 6, 1896, blew open the safe in Smith & Peterson's jewelry store and stole more than \$200, fifty watches, several trays of rings, charms, chains and other jewelry and two revolvers. Lutomski had a valuable watch supposed to have been stolen from an Escanaba store. It is a Raymond nickel movement, No. 3,920,658, gold hunting case, 53 pennyweight, No. 1,240,348. The men were armed with revolvers.

Shot His Daughter and Himself.

Manistowic, Mich., Nov. 29.—Scott A. Bowdish shot his 9-year-old daughter, fatally injuring her, and then killed himself. The tragedy was not discovered until morning. According to the little girl, her father awakened her during the night, kissed her and asked her where her heart was. He felt about her breast and after locating the girl's heart he drew a revolver and shot her. Again he fired, the ball this time penetrating the child's right side. After this he located his own heart and shot himself dead. Bowdish was hard up and discouraged. No other reason for the crime is known.

Boycotting Declared Legitimate.

Detroit, Nov. 30.—Judge Hosmer, of the circuit court, yesterday declined to interfere with a boycott by employees of a milling firm. A temporary injunction had been issued restraining the Railway Teamsters' union and trades council from unlawfully interfering with the business of Jacob Beck & Sons. Judge Hosmer said he would make the injunction permanent so far as violence or disturbances are concerned, but could not interfere with "peaceable distribution of boycotting circulars, or other legitimate means employed by the unions to accomplish their purpose."

Wants \$1,000,000 Damages.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 29.—Melvin B. Church has begun a \$1,000,000

damage suit against the Anti-Kalamazoo company, otherwise known as the plaster trust. Mr. Church several years ago turned over his wall tinting patents and plaster properties to the trust for operation. Recently he began suit for \$250,000, claiming the trust had not accounted to him properly and had withheld profits. His suit is based, the bill avers, on discoveries of further irregularities.

Attempted Murder and Suicide.

Detroit, Dec. 1.—W. J. Burian shot a revolver at his wife, but succeeded only in slightly wounding her. He then shot himself dead. A tip of the thumb of the woman's upraised hand was shot off and the bullet grazed her head. Burian had been drinking heavily. He was intolerably jealous of nearly every man who came into the little store which the couple kept on Dix avenue.

Resigned to Save His Life.

Houghton, Mich., Nov. 26.—Captain Rowlands, tanner boss at the Atlantic mine, has resigned, his resignation taking immediate effect. He was disliked by the Finns, who accused him of extreme arrogance and abuse, but the company refused to discharge him. Then the men struck. Captain Rowlands, it was said, was informed by the strikers that they would kill him on sight unless he resigned, and the resignation speedily followed.

Their Faith Was No Medicine.

Niles, Mich., Nov. 30.—Three deaths from diphtheria have recently taken place in the family of William Loskowski near New Carlisle, just across the Indiana line. An investigation revealed the fact that no physician had been called, the family believing that the Creator, who sent the disease, would cure it. The three children who died literally strangled to death. The disease has spread and alarm prevails.

Saw Mill in Michigan Burned.

Menominee, Mich., Nov. 28.—The Northern Supply company's saw mill at Fisher burned yesterday morning. The loss is \$25,000 and insurance \$10,000. The fire started from a hot box in the mill. The people had to make a fight to save the town. Fisher is the headquarters of the Wisconsin and Michigan railway and about thirty miles from here.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

"I have sold Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past thirteen years and have known of no case where it has failed to give satisfaction. I sell more of it than of any like preparation."

J. P. BRISCOE, Harrison, Ark.

"For five years I have been selling Ayer's Hair Vigor under a positive guarantee that it would produce hair on a bald head and restore gray hair to its natural color. I have not had one bottle returned, nor has there been a single case where the dressing was used that it did not do all that was claimed for it."

H. M. ACUFF, Elba, Va.

Removes Dandruff

"For some years my hair had been coming out. It had become very dry and my scalp was covered with dandruff. I have applied Ayer's Hair Vigor regularly for some weeks now, and I could hardly trust my senses when I first found that a new growth of hair had started. It is much thicker than formerly and of good color. The dandruff has disappeared and my scalp seems to be in a perfectly healthy condition."

MISS R. WRIGHT, Perth, Ont.

"Some time ago, my head became full of dandruff, which caused me great annoyance; after a time the hair began to fall out. The use of Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the hair from falling and made the scalp clean and healthy."

Mrs. C. M. AYRES, Mount Airy, Ga.

Restores to Gray Hair its Original Color.

"I think there is no toilet article in the world so good as Ayer's Hair Vigor. I am fifty-three years old and my hair would have been all white now if it were not for the use of the Vigor, but the application of that dressing has preserved its color, and kept it soft and glossy."

Mrs. W. H. JARVIS, Otsego, Mich.

"After five years' use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, I can cheerfully recommend it as a desirable toilet article. It keeps the hair soft and glossy and helps it to retain its natural color."

D. WARNER, Dunnville, Ont.

MAKES HAIR GROW.

"For about five years my hair kept falling out until I was almost bald. Some New Hampshire friends asked me to try Ayer's Hair Vigor and insisted on getting it for me. I used it during that summer and fall and found that a new growth of hair had started. I continued to use it steadily for about four months, and at the end of that time had as good a head of hair as one could wish."

HOWARD MELVIN, Carlisle, Mass.

"I am well pleased with Ayer's Hair Vigor. When I noticed that my hair was getting thin, I commenced to use the Vigor, with the result that the hair not only ceased to come out, but a new growth of hair started. It certainly is an excellent tonic."

CHAS. C. GRAVES, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Miss Hastings paused, a fellow gets his fiancée into such an awkward situation as this. As a rule, the great troubles come after marriage, not before."

"Your trouble is mine. It would be just as great if we were separated," the girl returned sadly.

He nodded and turned his face from her. She fancied his lip was quivering



A Fatal Spider-Web.

When a fly accidentally gets caught in a spider's web, the spider goes calmly about the work of securing his prey. He doesn't hurry particularly. He takes his time and binds first the fly's feet, and then his wings and his entire body.

That is the way with the dread enemy of mankind—consumption. It has a web—the web of trivial disorders neglected. When a man heedlessly stumbles into that web, consumption first attacks his stomach, then his blood, then his lungs, then every organ in his body. Many doctors assert that when a man is once in this deadly web there is no escape. That is a mistake. Thousands have testified to their recovery from this disease by the use of the right remedy. Many of their letters, together with their names, addresses and photographs, appear in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The remedy that saved them was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures the conditions that lead up to it. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and germ-ejector. Druggists sell it.

Your Favorite Prescription cured my little girl, seven years old, of St. Vitus's dance," writes Mrs. A. E. Loomis, of Walnut Grove, Redwood Co., Minn. "She could not feed herself, nor talk. That was fifteen years ago. I have always had great faith in your medicines ever since. I had a terrible cough, and my friends thought I had consumption. I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it cured my cough, and now I do my housework. I have always praised your medicine and would like to have your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I enclose stamps."

Over a thousand pages of good home medical advice free. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps, to cover mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth binding ten cents extra. A veritable medical library in one volume, illustrated with over 300 engravings.